

The Democratic Press.

J. D. MOODY, Proprietor.

VOL. 1

Where Liberty Dwells, there is my Country.

\$1.50 Per Annum.—In Advance.

EATON, PREBLE COUNTY, OHIO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1861.

NO. 21.

FOODS & CAMPBELL,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
AND NOTARIES PUBLIC.
Office on Barren Street, west side, six
doors north of Main street.
August 23, 1860. tf

ROBERT MILLER,
Attorney at Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC AND
Agent for Insurance Company
EATON, OHIO.

OFFICE in the 2d story of Josiah Camp-
bell's new brick building, north side of
Main street, opposite the court house.
August 23, 1860. tf

S. BANTA,
Attorney at Law,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office West of C. Yarnall & Co.,
EATON, OHIO.
August 23, 1860. tf

N. DUNN,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
OFFICE opposite the court house, 2 doors
above the Post Office.

Deeds, Mortgages, Articles of Agreement,
&c., &c., drawn and acknowledged under
prompt attention to business, he hopes to
merit a liberal share of public patronage.
August 23, 1860. tf

STEPHENS & BRO.,
Dealers in Staple & Fancy

DRY GOODS,
Trimings, Hosiery, Queensware,
Millinery Goods, Notions, Embroideries, &c.
Main st., opposite the court house Eaton, O.
We offer great bargains to cash custom-
ers. August 23, 1860. tf

Eagle Hotel.
WINTERS & SHAFNER,
PROPRIETORS.
Baron at, between Main & Somers,
EATON, OHIO.
Good Stabling for one hundred and fifty
horses. August 23, 1860. not-1f

American House.
J. C. BOWER, Proprietor.
Main St., opposite Old Fellows Building,
EATON, OHIO.
THE Proprietor having recently purchased
the American and refitted and re-
furnished in good style, is now prepared to
accommodate guests in the most satisfactory
manner.
Good Stabling for 100 Horses.
Eaton, August 23, 1860. tf

Meredith House,
Corner Main and Fifth streets,
RICHMOND, IND.
WINCHESTER & COWLES,
Proprietors.

HAMILTON HOUSE.
North-west corner of second and high sts.,
Hamilton Ohio.
THIS House has been re-opened since the
first of July 1860, and thoroughly re-
novated and re-furnished. Patronage is re-
spectfully solicited. TACONOR BERN,
August 23, 1860. tf

WILLIAM ENGLE,
Fashionable Tailor,
HAS opened a shop on Barren Street,
over W. C. Campbell's Book Store,
where he is prepared to make anything in his
line, in the latest and most approved style.
Thankful for past favors, he respectfully
requests of his old friends and patrons a con-
tinuance of their patronage. Repairs and
cutting done on short notice.
Eaton, August 23, 1860. tf

PERRET & MONESMITH,
Livery Stable.
EATON, OHIO.

WE are at all times prepared to accom-
modate the public with Horses, Car-
riages, &c., on the usual terms.
We have a new and extensive stock of Bug-
gies, and Carriages with the largest and best
lot of Livery Horses ever kept in Eaton.
Give us a call and learn our ability to furnish
accommodations. (Sept. 20, 60. 1f

Furniture and Chair Factory.
RICHMOND & HARSHMAN,
Keep always on hand a large stock of

New Furniture,
Which they will sell at the lowest rates.
Wooden and Metallic Coffins always
on hand.
Undertaking promptly attended to.
Eaton, August 23, 1860. tf

EATON BOOT AND SHOE
STORE.
CHARLES BECKER.

TAKE this method of informing the public
that they are still carrying on the above
business on the second story of the North
side of the post office, where they would be happy
to meet their old friends, customers, and any
body wanting any thing in their line. Will
sell cheap for Cash, or to good men on time.
All repairs made gratuitously. All work war-
ranted. Give us a call and we will con-
vince you that you can make money by buy-
ing at our shop.
Eaton, August 23, 1860. 1f

Selected Poetry.

My First Step at Dancing.

Oh, yes! it was a grand affair!
My first step at dancing.
But how it made the people stare!
To see my first step at dancing.

A grand affair, sure you're right,
In West at that time—went home at five,
In that time how I did dance!
My first step at dancing.

A few M. C.'s upon the floor,
The T. C.'s numbered many more,
Long-legged stockings scattered o'er
The floor, engaged in dancing.

With what assurance I stepped out,
How nimbly then I jumped about,
I hadn't then the slightest doubt
That I should fancy dancing.

Right hand across and ladies' chain
It put me in heap of pain,
To get pulled out, then back again,
But still I kept on dancing.

Half promenade, off went my foot
Right square upon a lady's foot,
And to her dress she called me, 'brute,'
But still I kept on dancing.

In trying to keep off other feet,
I slipped down like a 'juak' of meat,
And to my pants across the seat,
But still I kept on dancing.

Four hands 'round! Lord, what a whoop,
'Twas then that I began to droop,
Smack went my foot thro' a lady's hoop,
Which knocked our set on dancing.

If you think I'd imbibed a 'horn,'
Such 'importation' foul I scorn;
'Tis I was helped to bed next morn,
Fatigued by over-dancing.

I hate confusion a slight,
But then they never now invite
Me to a ball, for since that night
I'm sick of fancy dancing.

Uncle Sam's Address to his Boys.
[JOHN S. COLES, SENIOR.]
Come, Southern boys, and Southern boys,
And boys from East and West,
Be friendly, shake hands, and go to work,
You've had enough of rest;
You've voted for that candidate
That each thought best to rule the State.

Election's over now, my boys—
The President selected—
And like him well, or like him ill,
What odds, since he's elected?
A President should be
The choice of the majority.

You've had a jolly time, my boys—
Performed some wondrous feats;
Have carried lights, on stormy nights,
Through all the public streets;
You've worked with all the scholar's tools,
And graced your coats with 'midnight oil.'

And now to work, to work, my boy!
You've had enough of play,
And, as the winter's coming on,
Let's gather in the hay.
Nor cease our labors till the sun
Doth tell us that our work is done.

What care you who's President?
Or what care you who's king?
You've got the bone and muscle, boys,
And all that sort of thing.

The North and South and East and West
Can buy half Earth, and whip the rest.
Shake hands, my boys, forgive, forget,
All angry feelings smother.
Remember that you're all my boys,
And each to each a brother.

Stick to your stores, your workshops, farms,
And thus defy a 'world in arms.'
Then, go to work, my honest boys,
And prove your noble birth.

By struggling—not among yourselves,
But with the sturdy earth,
Whose bosom doth more treasure hold
Than politics a thousand fold.

Time's Progress.
Alas! it is not till time with
reckless hand has torn out half
the leaves from the book of human
life, to light the fires of passion with
from day to day, that man begins
to see that the leaves which remain
are few in number, and to remem-
ber faintly at first, and then more
clearly, that book was written a
story of happy influence which he
would find read over again. Then
comes listless irresolution and the
inevitable inaction of despair, or
else the firm resolve to record up-
on the leaves that still remain a
more noble history than the child's
story with which the book began.

Irish Sergeant's Attention.
company, and, tend to rowl call.
All of ye that are present, say here,
and all of ye that are not present,
say—Absent.

Why was St. John preach-
ing in the wilder-ness like our cop-
per coin? Because it was one
cent by God.

A Story for Mothers.

'Mother, said a girl of ten years,
'I have done all the work you gave
me—now, may Willie and I go to
Mrs. Gray's.' 'All right,' said the

'I do wish you would keep out
of the way, and stop teasing,' re-
plied the mother, as she gave her
daughter a push which sent her
reeling against a chair.

'Why, mamma, said Willie, a
bright-eyed little fellow, of ten
years—who had been busily en-
gaged for the hour, trying to make
a wooden knife for his sister—why,
mamma, you promised we might go
to-day, and if you don't let us, it
will be telling a wrong story.'

'Well, do go long—stay an hour,
and I hope I shall have some peace
while you are gone.'

'Hurrah! said Willie, jumping
up. Where's my cap? Mamma,
I can't reach it.'

'I'll warrant it—always some-
thing to hinder me; here take your
cap and go; and with the same im-
patient step and frowning brow
which had been seen all that day,
she passed again to her work.

But let us follow the children as
they leave the house. Sarah walks
along with a sad and tearful face—
her's is a peculiarly sensitive na-
ture, and the harsh reproaches often
given was sure to cast a shadow on
her heart; and as Willie glances up
into her face, rebellious thoughts ar-
ise, and his eyes flash indignantly
as he says in a comforting tone, 'I
wouldn't feel bad if mamma does
scold. I shall be a big man pretty
soon, and then I'll talk right back
to her just as she does to us; and
when I get rich enough I am go-
ing to buy a horse and carriage,
and you and pa may ride with me,
but mamma shan't, because she
ain't good. May be she'll grow
old some time, and come to live
with me, just as grandma does to
our house, and then if she talks so
to us, I'll just shut her up in the
dark, wouldn't you?'

Little does that mother think she
is sowing seed in the young hearts
which shall spring up and yield a
'landed fold' of bitterness and
grievance.

Ten years have fled—let us again
visit that dwelling. Where now is
the gentle Sarah, whom every
one thought so sweet tempered?
She is there, but how changed. In
former years the angry reproof
would only cause a flood of tears,
but as day after day, year after
year, the harsh words fell upon her
ear, angry feelings began to surge
up, until her very nature became
changed, and she learned at last to
throw back the bitter retort. Sad-
ly darkened must be the soul of
that mother who thus wounds and
crushes the heart of the sensitive,
until hatred takes the place of love
and the Evil Genius presides where
once heavenly angels, loved to linger.

But we miss the brave little
Willie. Where can our pet have
fled? 'In days of yore' his laugh-
ing eyes and sunny smile were al-
ways the first to greet us, now we
wait in vain for his coming footsteps.
He is a wanderer—exiled by his
mother's frowns and irreflexion,
from an otherwise pleasant home.

Oh, mother! how great an influ-
ence thy words, thy tones of voice
possess! Are they harsh and vitu-
perative? Are those tender blos-
soms entrusted to your care made
to feel they are only a trouble and
a burden? Then murmur not, if
when the frosts of age whiten your
locks, when your steps are slow
and feeble, and all the helplessness
of second childhood are upon you,
you are treated in like manner—
Unloved—unhonored it may be—
you will go down in sorrow to the
grave.

But let us turn, kind reader, to
pleasant scenes. Go with me to the
house of Mr. C—. The
mother, a pleasant looking lady, is
busily engaged with her morning
duties. Hardly have we entered
the sound of little feet is heard
and Charlie rushes in.

'Mamma, said he, George Lane
has just the prettiest new sled that
I ever saw—it is painted all over
and his name is in large letters on
the side, and he wants I should go
home with him and ride on it—
may I go?'

'Yes, my son,' is the pleasant re-
ply, 'if you will be back in half an
hour—I shall want you then to do
an errand for me. Here let me tie
your scarf around your neck—be a
good boy and play pleasantly with
George, and imprinting a kiss upon
his rosy lips, she turns again to her
work.

But where is little Allie, the pet
of the household? The mother re-
members that she has not seen her
for some time. 'The little rogue is
in some mischief,' she presumes, else
she would not be so quiet; I must
find her. After looking in vari-
ous places, she softly opens the par-
lor door, and there sits the little
one, with pussy by her side, and in
her hand a beautiful, deep engraving,
which she has torn from one of the
books which adorn the centre table.

We watched with interest to
notice the effect upon the mother.
Shall we see her face flush with an-
ger? Will she pass along with
hasty steps—seize the engraving,
box the ears of the child (uncon-
scious of the wrong though she be),
saying she never did see such a
'young one,' always doing some-
thing she ought not to do? Very
many mothers would have pursued
such a course, but not so with Mrs.
C—. She stops at the door to listen,
while Allie talks on, all unconscious
of the presence of another.

'Kitty ain't you glad this morn-
ing, cause Allie's found a nice picture
for you to look at? Now, if you
will keep still, I'll tell you all about
it. There's a little girl, just like
me, only she ain't quite so big, and
her name is Allie, too. So there's
two Allies here. You don't know
Kitty, but I do. 'Cause papa told me
it's a rabbit; but I'd rather have a
Kitty than a rabbit; shouldn't you, Kitty?'

'Why, Allie,' said her mother ad-
vancing, and speaking in a kindly
tone, 'didn't you know it was very
naughty to tear papa's book? How
sorry he will be to hear what his
little girl has been doing.'

'Allie won't do so no more—not
a bit,' replied the child, with a
quivering lip.

'Well, we'll go out and see if we
cannot find anything better to do
than to tear papa's books. Can you
bring some wood for mamma?'

'Yes,' is the quick reply, and
away she bounds, her eyes spark-
ling at the thought of really doing
something to help mamma.

How it cheers a heart to enter a
house hold where love reigns, and
kind words only are spoken. Chil-
dren living under such influences
will grow up good and noble, for
the heart will expand, and its no-
bler qualities will develop under
the genial influence of kindness
and kind words. Mother! the
echo of your kind voice may linger
long years in the hearts of your
children. Shall they be soft, sweet
echoes, seeming like angel music
winning them to the love of god
and heaven? If so, then will you
be rewarded with a golden harvest.
And should the kind Father—
when many years have wrought
their changes, and the eyes grow
dim with watching the advent of a
glorious hereafter—allow you to
gaze upon the household of your
natural children, they will surely
call you 'blessed.'

Singular Events in a Family.
More than forty years ago Mr.
John Walker died in New London
Conn., leaving his family poor—
Michael, the eldest son, determined
on making an effort to provide for
the family, and so departed, exhort-
ing his mother to keep up courage,
for he would provide a home for
here and the children; and come
back soon as he had done so.

Not long afterwards, John Smith,
that universal man, who has mar-
ried more wives, two to one, than
any other man living, married the
widow Walker and brought her
with the children to New York
city. As they left rather suddenly,
the neighbors did not know their
exact destination, supposing they
were going to settle in the State of
New York. Four years after these
events, Michael Walker had suc-
ceeded in providing a home for his
mother's family in Onondaga county,
New York, and he returned to
New London, full of delight, to in-
form his mother, and take her to
his new residence. But his buoyant
feelings were crushed, when he
found that the family had gone,
and no one could give him a clue
to their abode. They had sailed
in a sloop for New York city, and
were supposed to be in the interior
of the State. He came to New
York, and made inquiries, and even
advertised them in the newspa-
pers, but without success. He then
returned home to West Hills,
Onondaga county, where he settled
down, and years rolled on and he
acquired a handsome property, never
hearing a word from his absent
relatives.

On the other hand, the mother

sought for her absent son until she
heard of a Mr. Walker who had
been murdered, and concluding
that the murdered man must be
her son, mourned for his grievous
fate, and gave up to be men and
women, and among them was Wil-
liam A. Walker, a man of good
business and in comfortable circum-
stances. One day, in Broadway,
this Mr. Walker was accosted by
a stranger who asked—

'Is not your name Walker?'

'Yes,' was the reply.

'Have you not a brother living in
Onondaga county?'

'No, I have no brother—I formerly
had, but he was murdered many
years ago.'

'I beg your pardon,' said the
stranger, 'but I was struck with
your resemblance to a friend of
mine named Walker, who lives at
West Hills.'

The stranger departed without
further explanation, and Mr. Wil-
liam A. Walker returned home and
told his family of the incident. On
further consultation, the Walker
family thought it possible that the
stranger was right, and that the
long-lost Michael might still be liv-
ing. William A. Walker soon
made up his mind to proceed to
Onondaga county and ascertain if
their surmises were correct. He
therefore started for West Hills, and
the residence of Michael Walker
was pointed out to him immedi-
ately on his arrival.

Going to the house, he intro-
duced himself reservedly; said he
was traveling that way, and finding
himself near the dwelling of a
namesake, thought he would call
and rest himself.

'Your name is Walker, then,
sir?' said Michael.

'Yes.'

'In what part of the country do
you reside?' continued Michael,
the old spirit of the family search
starting up afresh in his mind.

'I live in New York,' said Wil-
liam.

'Did you always live there?'

'No,' said William, 'I was born
in New London.'

'In New London?' inquired
Michael, earnestly, what was your
father's name?'

'His name was John.'

'And what is your Christian
name?' asked Michael, trembling
with emotion.

'My name is William.'

'You are my brother!' exclaimed
Michael clasping William in his
arms.

There was no longer any doubt
in either mind, and the brothers
wept upon each other's necks. Mr.
Michael Walker returned with his
brother to embrace again his moth-
er, now more than eighty years of
age, and his two sisters. He who
has never felt jealousy, cannot be
told what it is; and he who has nev-
er been lost, cannot know the emo-
tion of one who is. So, none but
those who have endured the sor-
rows of this family (if any have)
can comprehend the joy of this
meeting.

A Girl Without Arms or Legs.
The Bristol Gazette describes a
wonderful case of deformity in the
family of Job Jamieson, who lives
eleven miles north of that town.

One, was born completely desti-
tute both of arms and legs, the si-
tuation of which is clearly indica-
ted by small rounded projections,
thus being, in fact, a mere human
trunk surmounted by a head. She
possesses, however, a remarkable
power of locomotion, and can trans-
port herself over the floor with
ease, by submitting her body to a
kind of rotary motion alternately
from right to left, and the contrary.

By confining the handle of a broom
between her chin and shoulder, she
can sweep the floor with consid-
erable dexterity. She can also sit
erect, lean back, or rock herself in
a chair as well as any other person;
and when anything is given her,
she makes a sign for it to be placed
on her shoulder. If it be any solid
article of food, she eats it from that
situation. She is of a full
plump habit, healthy, and possesses
a remarkably lively disposition.

A number of negroes were
sleeping around a wood fire in the
forest, as is their custom, with
their feet in the ashes, when one
roused up and exclaimed, 'Take
care, I smell something; some
darky's foot burning.' Gosh! said
he, jerking up his pedestal, dis-
tinger's foot after all.

A son of Erin had been asked
why he wore his shoes, and asked
side out, replied, 'Because I was
hole on the other side of 'em.'

The Ugly Family.

In one of the lower districts of
the Palmetto State, there once lived
a family of six or seven persons,
who were known far and wide as
the 'ugly family.' One of them, Jake,
was so 'unspeakably' hard favored,
that it made one feel as if he had
bitten a green persimmon to look
at him, and whenever he walked
through the streets the dogs shook
their tails and sneaked off, too
afraid to bark.

The fame of this family spread
through the country, and at last
reached the ears of a Georgian,
who, for a long time, had held un-
disputed possession of the celebra-
ted penknife. This individual de-
termined at last to pay a visit to
the ugly family, and endeavor to
dispose of the aforesaid knife. So
one morning he crossed the Sa-
vannah, and about noon he saw a
wagon ahead, and rode up to en-
quire the whereabouts of the fam-
ily.

'Hello, stranger!' said he to a
man walking beside the wagon.

'Hello yourself!' exclaimed the
waggoner, turning round and discov-
ering a countenance so tremendously
plain that the Georgian almost
dropped from his horse.

'I say,' said the Georgian, recover-
ing a little from the astonish-
ment, 'are you not ugly Jake him-
self?'

The waggoner shook his head and
'gimmed a ghastly smile,' that
made him look like the nightmare
personified.

'I'll bet you ten dollars that you
are the ugliest man in the State,'
said the Georgian.

'Done!' said the waggoner, 'come
here.' And going to the back of
the wagon he called, 'wake up, Jake
and put your head out here.'

The Georgian, burning with curi-
osity, leaned forward as the cover
was raised slowly up. Suddenly
his eyes fell upon a physiognomy
so awfully, boundlessly, overpow-
erfully ugly, that it seemed to be
formed out of the double extract of
delirium tremens.

The horse snorted and started
back in fright, and threw his rider
over his head but the latter had
scarcely touched the ground before
he was mounted again. Throwing
down the ten dollars and his pen-
knife without saying a word, he
struck a 'bee line' for the Savannah,
looking alternately over each shoul-
der, as long as the waggoner re-
mained in sight.

The Magical Breaches.
The Boston Herald says: A newly
married young fellow who lives
in Salem Street, asked his spouse
to go to the theatre one evening
last week; she excused herself on
the ground that she had the tooth-
ache, but persuaded him to go a-
lone, and he went. On arriving at
the door he was told that he could
not get a seat, whereupon he re-
turned home, and finding his wife
in bed, he retired also. In a few
minutes the suffering wife desired
him to get up and go for brandy
and laudanum, as her tooth put her
in such agony that she could not
bear it. He hastily put on his clothes
and went to a drug store on the
corner. In paying for the articles
purchased, the young man was as-
tonished to find the pockets of his
pantaloons replenished with plenty
of gold and silver, and on further
examination he found a wallet with
\$104 in bills in it. The pantaloons
he had on were of fine broadcloth,
while his usual nether garments were
coarse cassimere. He went home
in not a very pleasant mood, reflect-
ing as to the mysterious metamor-
phose, but his own pantaloons were
not to be found, and his wife, on
learning his dilemma, became so
perfectly crazed with the tooth-ache
that she could not say a word.

Whether the young fellow con-
cluded it to be a genuine magic, or
whether he suspected that some
Don Juan had been concealed

Either within his bed, or under
our informant did not ascertain—
but the cash and pantaloons were
of course confiscated to the confid-
ing husband.

The year 1861 will be the
first of the 60th Olympian. There
will be an annual eclipse of the sun
on the 11th of January, another
on the 7th of July, and a total e-
clipse on the 31st of December.

There will also be a partial eclipse
of the moon on the 17th of Decem-
ber.

A schoolmaster asked one
of his fair pupils, Can you decline
a kiss? Dropping a perplexed court-
side out, replied, 'Because I was
hole on the other side of 'em.'

Tar on the Heel.

The Plaindealer, on the author-
ity of a Southern friend, tells how
the saying, 'Dar's a nigger' got tar
on his heel, is used among the
slaves on the plantations. He re-
cently visited a plantation near
Memphis, Tenn., and at night
when the darkey's work was done,
they assembled to pitch coppers—
The coppers gradually disappeared in
a very mysterious manner. The
most rigorous search revealed no
clue to them: The stock of cop-
pers had dwindled fearfully, when
light seemed to break upon one of
the darkeys and he yelled, 'Dar's a
nigger got tar on his heel!' Great
confusion followed the announce-
ment, and the darkeys commenced
seating each other violently on the
ground. At one time twenty dar-
keys were seated on the ground,
while twenty more had their legs
in the air, looking at their heels.
The miscreant was at length found.
The black wretch who sought to
bring a time-honored and health-
ful game into disrepute was finally
discovered. An old negro, who
was lame to indulge in games, and
who had before been (like Gen. J.
Cass) a 'shore magician,' had cov-
ered his heels with tar. Under the
pretence of seeing fair play, this
elderly colored parson had made
himself very conspicuous among
the pitchers, volunteering his serv-
ices at judge on all dispute points,
and all the while the sly old coon
was treading on the coppers. They
stuck, of course, and when his tar-
red heels were traced up, they re-
vealed 'a right smart chance' of cents.

A country apothecary, not a
little distinguished for his impu-
dence, with a hope of disconcerting
a young clergyman, whom he
knew to be a man of singular mod-
esty, asked him, in the hearing of
a large company, 'Why the patri-
archs of old lived to such an ex-
treme age?' To which the clergy-
man replied, 'I suppose the an-
cient patriarchs took no phisic.'

The race of man kind would
perish, did they cease to eat each
other. From the mother binds the
child's head till the moment that
some kind assistant wipes the death
damp from the brow of the dying,
we cannot exist without mutual
help. All, therefore, that need aid,
have a right to ask it of their fel-
low-mortals. No one who has the
power of granting it can refuse it
without guilt.

An Irishman put his head
into a lawyer's office, and asked
the innu, 'An what do you sell
here?' 'Blockheads,' replied the
lamb of the law. 'Och, thin, to be
shure,' said Pat, 'it must be a good
trade, for ye have but one of them
left.'

Joseph R. Chandler, our Min-
ister to Naples, was, at last accounts,
about to return to Paris, where he
will await instructions from our
Government.

Don't get above your busi-
ness, as the lady said to the shoe-
maker who was measuring her
ankle in order to ascertain the size
of her foot.

A paper published at Stock-
bridge in the year 1800 states that
the library of a deceased clergyman
sold for £3, and the liquors in his
cellar for £276.

The new steam fire depart-
ment of Boston is fully organized,
and there is not now a single hand
engine in use throughout the entire
limits of the city.

In Philadelphia there are
swindlers who watch the obituary
columns of the newspapers, and
gain a livelihood by presenting